

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

A MODERN VIEWPOINT

After Elizabeth left, John returned to the subject of wall paper. "I can't understand what has made you change your ideas of everything all at once, Katherine. I am sure when I first married you and went down with you to your mother's I didn't like the cold, austere way your mother's house was furnished at all. But since we have been married, you have grown accustomed to it and now just when I begin to feel at home in a room with fiddle-back chairs and lyre stands, you switch off to something else. You know I think you are doing this, Katherine, just because you know that Elizabeth had a hand in selecting the paper. "No, I didn't do it, John, just because, but at that I thought it was time that you should not call upon Elizabeth Morland blind to the things for me that every woman likes to do for herself. Under the circumstances, she is the last woman you should have called in. Anyways, Elizabeth and I have been married you have allowed Elizabeth to think that she comes first in your thoughts. If not in your affections. You have let her understand that she is almost indispensable in your scheme of life."

"Sometimes, I thought she was," said John. "I'm afraid you cannot say that she has not tried to please me more than you have done."

"Of course, I cannot understand just how she has tried to please you, John," I said with sugar and malice, "but I know this, if Elizabeth Morland were your wife instead of what she is to you—"

"Base Morland is nothing to me," interrupted John, angrily.

"I gathered as much from what you said just before she left," was my reply.

"Now don't go putting meanings into things I say that I do not intend," said John.

"I'll try not to, but you must forgive me if I take the meaning of your words from the way Elizabeth Morland answered them."

"Oh, you women! Sometimes I don't quite understand why any man mar-

ries. You certainly contrive to make most of us perfectly miserable. "No, we don't, John. You might yourselves perfectly miserable, that's all. It is taking your sex a long time to adjust itself. With all this new work for women to do in the world, most of us are finding out that we can make that foolish quotation of Byron's look like the life it is."

"Good Heaven! What is that quotation?" I thought Byron was the love of all women."

"Oh, you've heard it a good many times and you should remember it now. It is—"

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart."

"The woman's whole existence!"

"Well, that should be true, now," said John stoutly. "Men have so many things to think about. They must earn their money, they have families and if they spend all their time making love to their wives, I am afraid some of the family might go hungry at times."

"I don't think the modern woman, John, would ask a man to make love to her all the time. In fact, I think she would be perfectly satisfied if she knew that her husband had time to make love, he would come to her instead of looking around for pastures new."

Even John had the grace to look somewhat troubled and then he returned to the charge.

"Do you women think that you are any happier than your grandmothers were—you with clubs, and your dabbling in politics and your talk of a single standard? You, of course, know the divines have nearly doubled since your grandmother's time and I think that's the answer to my question."

"It is the answer to part of it, John," I answered. "Look about you today and see the women of forty, fifty and even sixty, at any gathering. They look at least ten years younger than men of the same age. They are alert and capable, for most of them have found that love is of woman's life a thing apart quite as much as it is of man's."

Dorothy Dix Talks

MEN AND THE BEAUTY CULT

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

Here's a problem that keeps guessing, as it does nine-tenths of the other women in the world, the remaining one-tenth being the pictures who have no personal interest in solving the conundrum.

The riddle is this: Why do men say so much more about beauty in women than women put in looks in men? Why do men rate beauty as the greatest asset that a woman can possess, while women put good looks at the bottom of the list of qualities they admire in men?

Nobody will contend that it is because men possess a finer, or more highly developed aesthetic sense than women have. On the contrary, the average man is color blind, and cares nothing for abstract beauty.

In proof of this, observe his clothes. Hideous tubular garments, crowned by a hat patterned after a stove or a chimney pot. And unless forcibly restrained, he will dock himself out in passionate hues that swear at each other and set the beholder's teeth on edge. He is the average man sensitive to his surroundings. As long as the springs are good, and the cushions soft, he can be as happy as a magenta couch on a peacock carpet in a yellow room, as he could be in one in which every tone blended into its mate.

It is the feminine love of abstract beauty that expresses itself in clothes of exquisite materials, shapes and colors. It is the woman who can not live without beautiful surroundings who makes the artistic home, and cultivate the flowers.

The indifference that the majority of men display towards beauty in general, makes the feminine insistence upon physical beauty in women all the more inexplicable. Perhaps they themselves, cannot tell why good looks attract them more in a woman than any other thing, and why homeliness repulses them, though it be overlaid with a thousand attractions of mind and character.

The first question a man ever asks about a woman whom he has never seen, is concerned with her appearance. He always wants to know whether she is pretty or not. Never whether she is intelligent or amiable or a good talker or companionable.

And any little fool, or shrew, with a pink and white complexion and yellow car muffs, and a willowy figure, can marry whom she pleases, while the cultivated, big-hearted, big-souled girl with a sallow skin and a nondescript nose, and a straight, sturdy head, which she never learns how to comb, never sets in telephoning distance of a proposal from any man, and at last has to espouse a brute.

If it were only the fool men who married the fool girls for their looks, it would not matter, but so obsessed are even the cleverest men by this beauty cult, that they too fall victims to it, and wreck their lives by tying themselves to pretty dolls who lose their only charm as soon as the paint wears off and their hair begins to get mangy.

That is the tragedy of marrying for beauty. It is the one worst bet in all matrimony, because it is bound to lose out in the short run. It is a spell of illness—the inevitable strain of caring for a family—and your beauty's roses are numbered among the roses of yesterday. What then has the man to sustain him through all the long pull of domestic life, if all he married a girl for was her good looks?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Hence the prevalence of divorce, for when the beauty's complexion and figure are gone, her wand of enchantment is broken, and she has no power to hold her husband. Yet men, otherwise sane and sensible, go on gambling their life happiness away on the turn of a hair that is bound to go gray, and a dimple that is fated to become a wrinkle. And the plain girls who would keep a man interested and entertained all his life and make him a thrifty and happy home, and who would be better looking at fifty than they are at twenty, swell the ranks of the old maids.

There is no more pathetic a thing on earth than that the women who could make the best wives and mothers so seldom get the chance to do it. The very men who men pick out for their wives by their looks, and without reference to their other qualifications, and while women consider a man's heart and brain and soul of more importance than his profile or his figure, is the best possible reason why women should be given the right to pick out their mates and pop the question.

If a man was intelligent and interesting no woman would turn him down because his hair was getting a little thin on top and he was developing a

Hear! Hear! No More H. C. of Hats! Women Aren't Going to Wear 'Em!



Front and back views of the "Lightin' Hair Bonnet in Four Moves," invented by Beatrice Nichols.

Beatrice Nichols, leading woman in "Lightin' Hair Bonnet in Four Moves," is wearing the hat in the late flower of her youth.

NEW YORK.—Here's good news for husbands.

The ladies, bless their hearts, aren't going to wear hats. They have eliminated other articles of apparel and have skimped pretty dangerously on skirts—without wallowing old h. c. of hats. But if they really do without hats it ought to help a lot.

such usefulness as will do away with the wearing of a hat in any weather, indoors or out.

The first move is to part the hair on the side, second, arrange a soft bun on top; third, divide hair in two strands in middle of back; fourth, cross strands and bring around head and fasten in back. If necessary, secure all by net, and arrange tips to frame eyes and ears.

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Sister Mary's Kitchen

THE STRAIGHT JACKET

By Dr. James I. Vance

When a fruit stain with sugar in it gets on the table cloth there is some times some difficulty in removing it.

Clear warm water applied with a piece of chamomile skin will remove the stickiness. If the stain persists boiling water may then be poured through the spot, as for any fruit stain.

MEAT FOR TOMORROW

BREAKFAST—Baked apples, scrambled eggs, toast, orange marmalade, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Minute rabbit brown bread and butter, celery, sliced peaches, tea.

DINNER—Veal loaf, potato chips, creamed peas on toast vegetable salad, peach cobbler, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES

In this dinner menu the peas and dessert are the only hot foods. The meat course is light so the dessert should be heavier than when a more substantial meat is served.

MINUTE RABBIT

2 cups milk.
3 tablespoons minute tapioca.
1-4 cups cheese.
1 egg.
1-2 teaspoon mustard.
1 teaspoon salt.
pepper or paprika.

Scald milk in double boiler and when hot add tapioca. Cook 15 minutes and add cheese into small pieces. Cook stirring constantly until melted.

Add well-beaten egg mixed with a little cold milk, salt and mustard. Serve immediately on toast.

PEACH COBBLER

6 peaches.
1-2 cup sugar.
1 tablespoon butter.

BATHE

1 cup flour.
1-2 teaspoon salt.
1 tablespoon sugar.
2 teaspoons baking powder.
2 tablespoons lard.

Milk to make soft dough.
1 egg (yolk).

MERINGUE

2 tablespoons granulated sugar.
1 egg (white).

Pare and slice peaches. Put in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with sugar, dot with butter, add a little water, cover and simmer, while making the dough. Sift dry ingredients.

Put in hot oven. Turn upside down on a deep plate or plating serving dish, spread with meringue and brown under flame. The meringue is made by beating the white of eggs till stiff and dry and gradually beating in the sugar.

Probably the front door bell is a necessary evil.

HEALTH

BY UNCLE SAM, M. D.

Health Questions Will Be Answered if Sent to Information Bureau, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

So much emphasis is laid upon diphtheria as a throat infection that the presence of the disease in other parts of the body is apt to be neglected.

Nasal diphtheria is of frequent occurrence among children and ranks high as a menace to public health.

Nasal diphtheria may be a direct infection and not an extension from an attack of throat diphtheria which is a mild infection. The only evidence of it may be a chronic catarrh or "running of the nose." Only when this persistent is medical attention sought.

Nasal diphtheria may be of a most active or malignant type. In such cases the disease usually spreads to the middle ear and there are pronounced symptoms of toxic or poisoning action.

According to Welch and Schramm, paralytic very frequently follows diphtheria of the nasal type for the reason that the lining membrane of the nose readily absorbs the poison of the disease which is quickly carried to susceptible tissues, bringing about harmful effect upon heart and nerve tissues.

In Arizona, there is a small perfect circular lake, called Meteor Crater, which is supposed to have been formed by the fall and explosion of a meteor.

Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON

SONG AND SUCCOTASH.

When I'm not toiling at my lyre, producing thrilling waves of sound, I'm busy as a housewife, in my small plot of garden ground.

When I've turned out an anthem sweet, designed to soothe men's troubled souls, I snare the dirt around a beet, and teach my beans to grow on poles.

A bard may chant an ode or two, may write, perchance, some soaring screeds, but to his duty he's untrue if he neglects to pull the weeds.

For what this country needs just now, when everything kerfummized stands, is not the product of the brow—it is the product of the hands.

Too many bask on beds of ease, and write or sing or paint or play, when they should hoe the stringless peas and pluck the fragrant bair of hay.

If I were young I'd soak my lyre, and quit this idle grail of song, and in the furrow I'd perspire, or whack up elm the whole day long.

I am old and full of lard, and when I've worked an hour or three, the neighbors lead me from the yard and fan me with a cedar tree.

And so I toot the poet's horn, but when I've earned a sawbuck green, I strive to grow an ear of corn, a carrot or a lima bean.

"FREE AUTO RIDE"

COST HIM PLENTY

ARKON—Frank Rehler was offered a "free auto ride." It was not and he accepted. Now police are looking for men who took \$15 from Frank's pockets.

LITTLE BENNY'S Note Book

By LEE PAPE

My cousin Artie was "arround for supper yesterday, and after supper we went back in the kitchen to get a drink and there was a raw egg on the kitchen table and Artie said, I tell you let's eat, let's eat the egg."

Which we started to do, and the 3rd time I hid it I hid it in the pocket of my pants hanging over a dining room chair, and just then the fellows yelled outside and we ran out, me forgetting all about the egg in pants pocket till this morning, thinking, Holy smoke, gosh, G. I wonder if he found it.

And this afternoon I was setting on the front steps and pop turned around the corner looking like a man that had found a egg in his pants pocket, and I quick went in the house and up in my room and pretty soon I heard pop saying, Wares that devilish kid? Benny, Benny.

Me not answering, and I heard na na na, Welly, Welly, what do you want him for? and pop said, I'll show him what I want him for, look at this pocket but don't put your hand in it.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE WHITE BUTTERFLY

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

(By Howard R. Garis.)

"Nurse Jane, have you any sugar?" asked Uncle Wiggily one day of his muskrat lady housekeeper.

"Sugar?" cried Miss Fussy Wuzzey, dusting some flour off her nose with the end of her apron, for she was baking an orange narrow cake, which is like a strawberry short cake, only not so sweet. "What do you want of sugar, Uncle Wiggily?" she asked. "It is very scarce now, but, of course, if you want some to eat on bread—"

"Oh, far be it from me to want it for anything like that!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "I just want to mix a little with some water."

"Don't tell me that Squackie Beekle, the cousin mouse, has the colic, and that Mrs. Longtail has come over for sugar and water?" interrupted Nurse Jane, excited like.

"Oh, no! Nothing like that!" said Uncle Wiggily. "Please don't get so excited, Nurse Jane. No one has the colic that I know about. I just want some sugar and water for a poor white butterfly."

"Sugar and water for a white butterfly?" went on Nurse Jane. "I never heard of such a thing. Wiggily, you aren't fooling me are you?"

"No, indeed!" laughed the bunny. "See, here on our window sill is a poor, hungry, white butterfly, and he is so weak and hungry you can hardly hear what he says. He came out of his cocoon house rather late, and now there is hardly any honey in the late flowers for him to sip. So I thought I'd feed him on sugar and water, which is almost like honey."

"Well, it is very kind of you to think of the poor, hungry, white butterfly," said Nurse Jane. "I'll get you the sugar at once."

So she did, and Uncle Wiggily mixed it with water and put some in a dish on the window sill of the hollow stump bungalow. Then the white butterfly flitted there and sipped some of the sweet juice through his long tongue, which is almost like an elephant's trunk, only not so large, of course. And the butterfly curled his tongue up when he wasn't sipping sweet water.

Perched on the window sill, the white insect slowly moved his wings up and down as he ate the sweet stuff. Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane gave him.

"Thank you very much," he said, when he had eaten a good meal. "Now I'll fly around a bit."

"Well, let me see the sugar and water here for you, on the window sill," said Uncle Wiggily. "Come whenever you are hungry."

"Thank you again," said the butterfly, in a soft and tender voice. Then he flew gently away, saying, "If ever I can do you and Nurse Jane a

favor, Uncle Wiggily, I shall be most happy."

"Pray do not mention it," remarked the uncle bunnies, and when the white insect, had flown away Nurse Jane said:

"As if a butterfly could ever help a rabbit!"

"Wait and see," advised Uncle Wiggily.

For several days the white butterfly flew back at meal times to get some sugar and water, which kept him alive and happy. Then one evening, after he had sipped his supper, he flew away to sleep in the woods, and Uncle Wiggily said to Nurse Jane:

"Let's go to the movies!"

So the muskrat lady and her bunny gentleman friend went to the pictures. It was very dark when they came out, for a storm was coming up, and Uncle Wiggily had forgotten to bring his flashlight or any matches.

"And the worst of it is that all the lightning bugs have flown away down South, so they cannot make the path bright for us," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Nurse Jane, as she stumbled along and bumped into a tree."

"It is rather dusky," agreed the bunnies. "But I guess we can manage to get to our hollow stump bungalow."

But just as he said that he stumbled into a prickly briar bush and scratched himself.

"Oh, I don't like this!" exclaimed Nurse Jane, as she walked on a little farther and fell into a hole, spraining her tail.

"No, it isn't very nice," agreed Mr. Longears. "And I'm afraid we're off the path, Nurse Jane!"

"Don't tell me where we're lost!" cried Fussy Wuzzey.

"I'm afraid so," went on the bunny. "I have lost my way in the darkness. I don't know where the bungalow is!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" sighed Nurse Jane. "Haven't you fear, follow me!"

"I am the white butterfly to whom you so kindly gave sugar and water," was the answer. "I was asleep in the woods and I heard you say you were lost. I can find my way back, no matter how dark it is, to your bungalow, where I often feed. Follow me; you can easily see my white wings fluttering in the dark."

So Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane followed the white butterfly, who was plain to be seen in the blackness, and soon the bunnies and muskrat were safe at the bungalow, and they invited the butterfly to stay all night, and he did, and had honey for breakfast. So they learned that even a caterpillar may be good for something, and if the broom doesn't sweep the dust pan off the front porch and scare the hammock, so it swings back, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the Whiffle Waffle.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

MRS. BUMBEE RETURNS

Mr. and Mrs. Bumble-Bee, in their home under this ground, wrap their babies in the softest of blankets. Like some of the clever little bird-builders, they search for things to weave with, hair, bits of string, and downy tufts that have dropped from Davy Duck or Goosey Gander on their way to the Lily pond. The softest, fuzziest blankets don't stick together like other blankets do, because the babies are very quiet, but blankets are very loose.

So when Nick and Nancy and the fairy fell into them, you know what happened. The blankets immediately came to pieces and stuck all over them, and the harder they pulled to get them off, the more the blankets came to pieces and the faster they stuck.

"Great gumdrops!" panted Tinga-

ling, "I believe we're tarred and feathered, children."

"I believe we're tarred and feathered, children. I must say it is a nice way to treat company! Better wish yourselves out of here with your Green Shoes, and I'll get out the very best way I can."

But it wasn't necessary. Just then one of the bee babies sneezed and Mrs. Bee rushed in. When she saw what her husband had done there was a grand rumpus indeed, and she called in the neighbors to help her put things right. Moreover, she made Mr. Bumble pay his rent without another word.

There's another thing about the blankets in Mr. and Mrs. Bumble's house.

ware is that boy, he's in the house, I saw him go in, Benny.

Benny, Me not answering, and he heard na na na, Welly, Welly, what do you want him for? and pop said, I'll show him what I want him for, look at this pocket but don't put your hand in it.

pop said, No, you silly faced imp of Satan, it merely exploded, and I said, Well gosh, G. pop, if I only of remembered to take it, it again it would be all right did it break, much, pop?

Follo me, sed pop. Wich I did, up to the setting room, and he gave me about 19 farsee knacks some place with his slipper being pritty panfell but I've felt worse.

The volume of an ostrich egg is about three pints.

By Allman

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—Tom Figures Out a Way to Conserve His Stock.

